The IDLER

Public Occurrences, Comment, Excursions & Rational Entertainment

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Shape Up or Ship Out

VIETNAM HAS BROUGHT out in sharp relief the faults of the Johnson Administration. Narrowness of concept, lack of imagination, use of propaganda as a substitute for action, mendacity, an incapability to view events in other than the grossest terms, the degradation of democracy to meet specific goals, are all there, easier to spot than in more peaceful times.

And here is the real hooker in the whole debate over Vietnam. Pick a policy and then ask the question: Could an Administration so devoid of judgement, imagination, candor and subtlety give it a fair trial? It is doubtful, and this is one of the major reasons Mr. Johnson finds himself in such difficulties.

It's the issue that's been overlooked in most of the arguments. Even a good policy turns out poorly if it is administered poorly. It does no good for the hawks to prattle about the rightful uses of power if, when they use it in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, they botch up the deal. The relevant question is not whether under ideal conditions we could properly or safely use our power in this way or that. The relevant question is a strictly empirical one: Given the men who are currently administering our power and given the rules they are operating under, what sort of results will we get?

And the empirical answer in the case of Vietnam is: Very poor ones.

Dean Rusk likes to compare our activities in Vietnam to our efforts in Europe after World War II. But he misses an important point. Our efforts in Europe succeeded because we backed up our military commitment with a comprehensive and imaginative social and economic plan for the region. We have no such plan for Vietnam, let alone for the rest of Southeast Asia. We appear not only unable to win the war but without much idea about what we would do if we did win it.

Faced with the realities of the situation, a situation in which the Administration has shown itself incapable of using its resources in a wise and effective manner, it is not surprising that many should find increasing appeal in the arguments of those who favor quick disengagement. Lyndon Johnson himself has created more doves than Wayne Morse, Staughton Lynd, and five thousand Berkeley students put together. He has steadily forced people into the doves' nest by the invalidity of his arguments and the ineffectiveness of his actions.

The question one must answer is whether it is not better to take a chance with a something less than perfect peace rather than to continue to trust a blundering, confused, and prevaricating Administration to wage a sufficiently contained war. Certainly if the Administraton has no other solution to the Vietnamese problem than continued escalation of the battle into a totally chaotic fray, then we would best pick up our mortars and helicopters and go home before the whole world really gets hurt.

Probably no war in the past hundred years has caused such widespread feeling of doubt and guilt among Americans. The more one reads, the more one tries to understand—the more our purposes, our methods and our words appear suspect. There is, as Senator Fulbright said recently, an aura

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The Idler

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of madness about the affair. Is this really a war for freedom or is it the irrational reflex action of a power grown too large and old to act other than by reflex? The uncertainty will not be laid to rest by ambiguous statements of purpose and snide attacks on those who question.

Perhaps it is not too late to salvage our position in Vietnam, but if we are to do it there are going to have to be some fairly dramatic changes made.

The Administration is going to have to start being considerably more candid about the war than it has been in the past. It might begin by telling us for the first time just how many civilian casualties have resulted from our operations there. And it might explain the contrast between its repeated assertions of the valiantness of the South Vietnamese army's effort with press reports that the number of desertions from that army equals almost half the number of American troops stationed in Vietnam. Also useful, in light of these assertions of valor, would be an explanation of why one of the major criticisms of the enclave theory has been that if we do not take the burden in search and destroy missions, the morale of South Vietnamese army will crumple.

We shall have to develop economic and social programs for Vietnam that match our military efforts. Despite the words of Honolulu, despite barnstorming by the Vice President, the feeling remains that we are not willing to do this. One high government official told me that we did not want to send too many doctors into Vietnam because we did not want the Vietnamese to get used to a level of medical services they would not be able to support after peace came. The implication here is that we really won't give much of a hang for the Vietnamese once they are no longer useful as pawns in our military confrontation with the Communists.

Even the loudly touted Asian Development Bank with its projected one billion dollar capital investment is only a slight step in the right direction. One reasoned estimate indicates that it would require an annual injection many times that amount, taking into account present population growth, just to maintain Southeast Asian per capita income at its present abysmally low level of less than one hundred dollars a year.

We are also going to have to develop a much more dscriminating military policy. It is no good to say with a philosophical shrug that all wars kill people and that all wars are unjust. This war is a special kind of war, in which military strategy must be carefully coordinated with political, social and economic strategy. The present blase military attitude towards indi criminate bombings, towards a casual differentiation between the Vietcong and non-Vietcong, and towards the destruction of civilian property,

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will not win the war. It may be tough and it may require a sophistication beyond the capabilities of our military leaders, but it remains a requirement just the same.

We are going to have to be more willing to impose our will upon the Saigon government. The hawks suddenly turn into doves on this subject. General Ky, from all appearances, is a penny-ante dictator who would fly the whole United States to hell in his personal jet if he thought it would help his ambitions. He has nothing to lose.

If we are going to shore up Ky with billions and bodies we had better make certain we have a say in the policies of his regime. It is depressing to think of the American lives wasted because we are unwilling to use sufficient clout to force General Ky to carry out vitally necessary internal reforms in Vietnam. Neither should we let Ky scare us out of reaching a reasonable settlement with the Vietcong or anyone else we choose. And we should make sure he understands that he does not have an open-ended lien on all of America's already badly thinned military resources.

Perhaps most important, we are going to have to get Vietnam back into perspective. The Johnson men reject the enclave approach to the war, but the President has made all of South Vietnam an enclave into which this country has withdrawn from its other responsibilities at home and abroad. In Asia and elsewhere, population growth and famine already dwarf Vietnam as problems worthy of our greatest attention. And in this country, the momentum of embryonic social programs of considerable value and necessity has been interrupted to satisfy our preoccupation with Vietnam. The appropriations grudgingly allotted last year to a war on poverty amounted to about one-tenth of what we find ourselves able to spend this year on a foreign adventure whose success and worth remain, at best, highly speculative.

The overriding fact of the Vietnamese war is that neither we nor the South Vietnamese are doing a good job at it. One does not improve a bad situation by enlarging its scope. Yet this has been precisely the Administration's approach to the war for the past year. We need a better approach. The Administration must prove that it can markedly shape up our operations in Southeast Asia or the demands will justly grow ever louder that we ship out before failure turns into disaster.

(s.s.)

Washington Notes

Another gone

ANOTHER LEGACY OF THE Kennedy Administration has left town. The importance of McGeorge Bundy's departure is a little hard to assess since it isn't really clear just what he did while here. We know that he was the backdoor to two Presidents that might be open when the nightlatch was secured in the front. We know he was valued for his keen analytical mind. We know something of his role in the various crises faced by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. But the details of his power and influence remain cloudy.

One thing is certain, McGeorge Bundy won't help you much. He is aggressively self-effacing and vehemently denies that he acted as a subrosa Secretary of State. On questions of policy Bundy is a master of what he has called "amiable non-answers." After listening to Bundy dodge a long string of questions at a recent luncheon appearance, the reporter sitting next to me remarked, "We might as well have gone to a White Tower for lunch."

Bundy is a man of immense self-confidence, who is comfortable in proximity to power and willing to appropriate any of it that happens to be lying around unused. It is probably true that he tried to avoid stepping on

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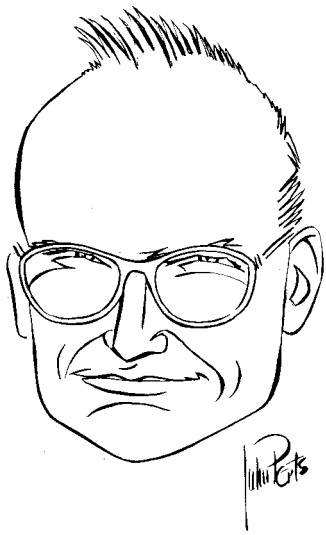


Bundy: Amiable Non-Answers

Dean Rusk's toes. But wherever the Secretary feared or did not care to tread, there, one suspects, was Bundy.

Yet the significance of Bunday's departure is not alone in his personality, his role, or the advice he gave. It is also in the fact that it represents a further fading of the Kennedy echo in Washington.

One of President Kennedy's great talents was his ability to find talent and use it well. Bundy possessed, as Schlesinger aptly described it, "dazzling clarity and speed of mind." This quality alone made him valuable to a President who did not unduly worry if his assistants lacked perfectly blending personalities, philosophies and purposes. It was the President's job to make the blend and to do so well required an eclectic approach.

Mr. Kennedy was like the conductor of a symphony orchestra, molding the vastly contrasting timbres of the various instruments into the sound of his administration. Mr. Johnson, on the other hand, achieves his blend by using closely similar instruments performing bland and similar arrangements. Mr. Kennedy had the means of producing a symphony; Mr. Johnson gets along with Musak.

In a government grown as large and unwieldy as ours, a president with great designs can only hope to achieve them by surrounding himself with men of passion, vision, drive and intelligence upon whom he can rely to carry the momentum of his policies into every nook of the government.

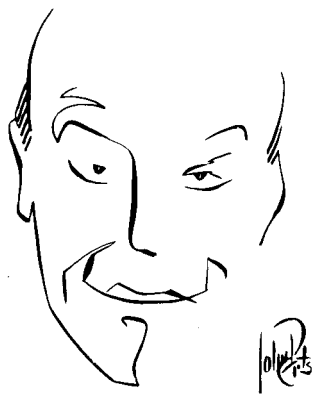
Mr. Johnson has tended to rely upon men who possess two prime qualities: bureaucratic competence and loyalty to the President. And he has placed severe restrictions on the delegation of Presidential authority to subordinates.

The result has been a uniformity in the Administration's product, but a uniformity produced at the expense of imagination and derring-do at the cabinet and sub-cabinet level. The Executive Branch is administered by a collection of frightened technicians under the tight control of a stern supervisor.

It's not a very good way of going about the business of achieving a Great Society.

The Johnson appointments, with the exception of a few such as Justice Fortas and HEW's Gardner (and even he has yet to live up to advance billing), have been a disappointing lot.

About half of the top White House aides are members of an unappetizing Texas clique. Attorney General Katzenbach has been undistinguished in his handling of civil rights, antitrust and



Katzenbach: Undistinguished

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criminal confession matters. The President picked to lead the important new Department of Housing and Urban Development, Robert Weaver, a man who has been notably unnoteworthy in the field in which he is to have so much responsibility. Larry O'Brien's appointment as Postmaster General continues an unfortunate tradition of using that office as a sinecure for favorite pols. And then there's whats-his-name over at the Commerce Department.

There have been some very good appointments, but on the whole they have been as inspiring as a crew impressed from the Austin statehouse basement, the Des Moines Kiwanis, and some insurance company's Million Dollar Sales Club.

Weaver: Notably Unnoteworthy

Mr. Johnson can not build a Great Society all by himself. He needs the help of men who are more than bland bureaucrats and personal cronies. His subordinates need to be given enough slack to act with vigor. The alternative is a continuation of the present uncreative mediocrity.

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Fortas: A Rare Exception

Whatever happened to title VI?

"Section 601. No person in the United States shall, on the ground of race, color, or national origin, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance."

—Civil Rights Act of 1964

REMEMBER THAT? HERE is what the Civil Rights Commission discovered during a survey of federally assisted health and welfare programs in more than 40 Southern and border communities during last summer and fall:

—While there has been some elimination of overt segregation and a few instances of rapid and complete hospital desegregation, there continues to be widespread segregation or exclusion of Negroes in the programs visited.

—Some state operated hospitals and training facilities remain segregated.

—In most hospitals Negro patients are still assigned to wards or rooms occupied only by Negroes.

—Negroes continue to be excluded from any child care institutions, nursing homes, and training facilities.

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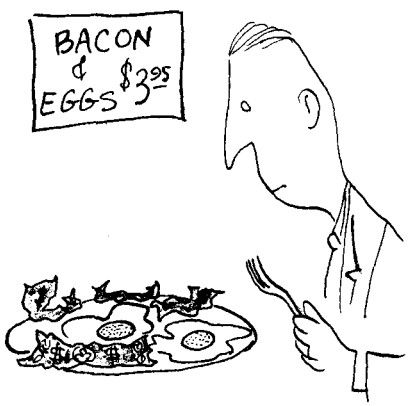
$14 a Pound



Several weeks ago, while engaging in some home cooking, I was astounded by the quantity of waste involved in cooking bacon and reducing it to an edible form. After cooking several pounds of several different brands, I found that almost 75 percent of the bacon by weight was unusable fat and water.

I wrote to the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture to determine whether there existed any federal standards for bacon quality.

I was advised that my observations with respect to cooking loss approximated research studies.

There are no government regulations of the fat-to-lean ratio in cured bacon. The only standards which exist apply to government purchases which provide that the fat content in bacon shall not exceed 68 percent, the salt content shall not exceed 2.5 percent, while the moisture content shall not exceed 24.2 percent. Thus, federal purchase standards provide for no less than 5.3 percent lean meat in bacon.

With bacon currently priced at approximately 85 cents per pound, the consumer is paying about $14 per pound for the lean meat values in bacon, America's most expensive food.

—Rep. Charles Vanik

—Some physicians who are providing service to beneficiaries of federally assisted programs continue to segregate patients in their offices and to make racial distinctions in the referral of patients to hospitals.

—The majority of children in Operation Head Start were enrolled in segregated projects located in segregated schools and taught by teachers of their race.

—The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has failed to take the steps necessary for compliance with Title VI. States have not been required to report on the steps they have taken, and, except for complaint investigations, field inspections have not been undertaken to ascertain the extent of noncompliance in state programs. Further, no enforcement action has been taken even where negotiations have not resulted in the elimination of violations of the law.

—The failure to adopt adequate procedures has made it impossible for Health, Education and Welfare to know whether discrimination is actually being eliminated.

The Civil Rights Commission report reminds us again how little is actually being done by the Johnson Administration to carry out the intent of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Particularly disurbing is the segregation in the Head Start program, which is a new government effort in which an integrated policy should have been followed from the start.

Perhaps the federal government should not be encouraged to get into any more poverty projects in the South. It would be too bad to see segregation there on the increase again.

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It helps a bit

WHEN ONE BECOMES disturbed by the Johnson Administration, it helps a bit to think back to the depressing years of Eisenhower. The frustrations of the moment often obscure the frustrations of the past. It is worth recalling, for example, when we get upset over the Administration's handling of Vietnam, how close Nixon and Radford once came to getting us into a still worse mess. There are some who feel we are moving towards a major conflict with China. But then, John Foster Dulles kept the whole world teetering on a high wire over the Grand Canyon of nuclear destruction for a good many years. We complain about the President's infinite capacity to dilute worthy domestic programs with political mischief, not remembering President Eisenhower's infinite capacity for inaction.

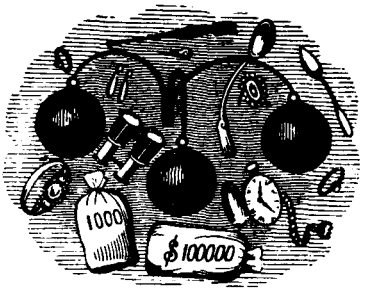
We survived the Eisenhower years and shall probably survive the Johnson years as well, even though we end up considerably more enervated, jaded and weary than when we started.

But beyond this consolation of comparison to the past there is little pleasing in the prospect of up to seven more years of the Johnson Administration. And there is little joy to be found in the thought that we shall have to look back on the two decades beginning in 1952 as having been marked by over seventeen years of dismal government.

Perhaps it is retribution for our national sins, a special kind of hell designed for modern man — devoid of either real pain or real pleasure; rather like an interminable case of mild indigestion, impossible to burp away, and with the Tums always two-and-a-half inches beyond arms' reach. But whatever the reason, we are stuck with Johnson and as long as we are, the nation will fall below the mark. Our best ambitions will have to remain in a torpid state and we must content ourselves with giving thanks that things aren't worse than they are.

(s.s.)

OPPORTUNITIES



"Sleek and long as jaguars," Dylan Thomas wrote. He must have known our 1959 Jag 3.4 sedan, with automatic transmission and disc brakes fore and aft. Much new equipment. Luxurious transportation for $900. Write JAG, c/o of IDLER.

Automobiles for sale: 1965 Dodge Coronet, $1500; 1965 Ford Custom, $1500. Car will be delivered right to your door with clear title. Sam McVicker, 641 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.

Singer sewing machine: $29.95. Electric range: $10.95. Spinet piano and bench: $49.95. All merchandise brand new. Money back guarantee. McVicker's, 641 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.

Roth violin. Excellent sound quality and condition. With new case. Price: $120.00 or best offer. Joel D. Hencken, 19198 Hartwell, Detroit, Mich.

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The Corner Aphorist

By Sam A. Darcy

A TEACHER IN A Brooklyn school recently asked her pupils each to draw a likeness of Abraham Lincoln. One boy, struggling with his task, and very doubtful about the result, wrote under his work, the legend, "A friend of Lincoln's father."

Lyndon Johnson's speechwriters trying to make him sound like Franklin Roosevelt might take hint.

Watching the televised sessions of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, we are impressed that we have some brilliant men in government. But also a share of haters and dullards.

In the Pennsylvania Dutch country, some years ago, an elected representative returned from Harrisburg to report:

"Ven I vent to the Lechislature, I thought I vould find dem all Solomons, but soon found dere was some as big fools as I vas."

Residents of Washington, D. C. want the right to vote as a matter of principle. What they are up against is the talent of many Congressmen to rise above principle.

We have, not counting illnesses and accidents, over 10,000 casualties among our boys in the Vietnam war. South Vietnam runs about seven to every one of ours. And the Vietcong even more than that. Looks like we mean to save them from Communism even if we have to kill them to do it.

Does this prove anything?

In the past fifty years we arrested tens of thousands who advocated peace, and tried, fined and imprisoned many hundreds of them.

We have, in the past 100 years, never arrested, tried and convicted even one advocate of war.

Since Spring is here, Yip Harburg, the people's poet, sent us this caveat, especially for the girls:

Oh, innocent victims of Cupid,
Remember this terse little verse;
To let a fool kiss you is stupid,
To let a kiss fool you is worse.

President Johnson keeps talking about the Great Society while the Vietnam war is spreading. He is somewhat like the landlord who tries to let rooms at one end of his house while the other end is on fire.

We wonder how warlike the world would be if the minimum age for the draft was 60. It strikes us that modern wars are all begun by old men who don't have to register. One week in boot camp, and, we suspect, they would find alternatives. Let's try it on Everett Dirksen.

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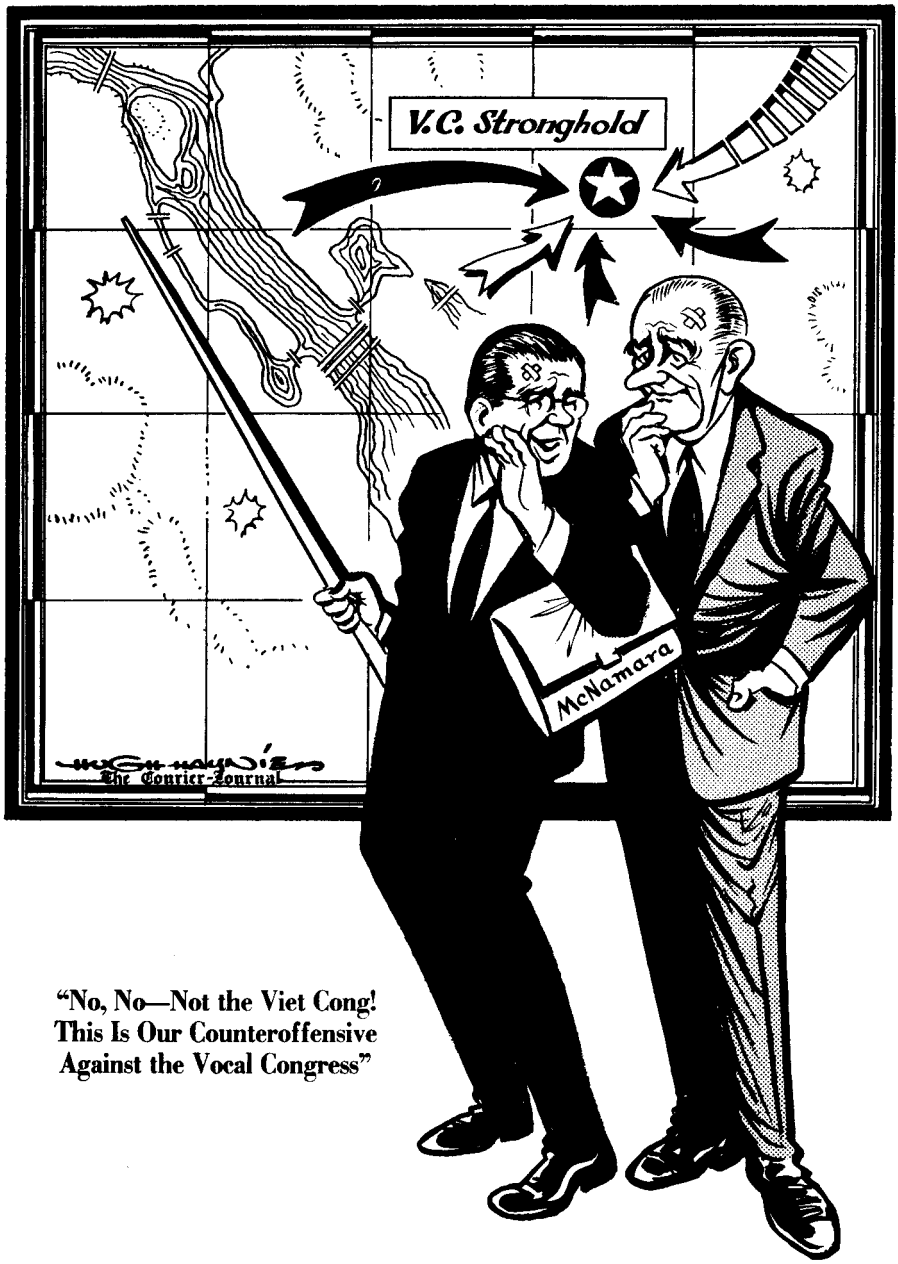
HUGH HAYNIE ...



"No, No—Not the Viet Cong! This Is Our Counteroffensive Against the Vocal Congress"

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Cracking the Nuts

By Peter A. Jay

BEL AIR, MD.

IN THE BIG CITIES, caught between the tightening pincers of a bad press and the law, the political nuts have lately begun to crack. Lincoln Rockwell has been hushed this year, the Ku Klux Klan lost face at the recent Congressional hearings despite the inanity of most of HUAC's questions, and the Birchers are striving for Chamber-of-Commerce respectability. On the national scene, at least, the worst of the crackpots have sunk from view.

But in the country and the suburbs, the little groups go on with their hot-eyed meetings. And where community opposition is not aroused, they can play the devil with such dangerously radical ideas as school desegregation plans, poverty programs and fair housing ordinances.

They can, however, be stopped quite cold. A case in point is the one-year campaign successfully waged by the citizens of one Maryland county against the Klan, the White Citizens Council and the John Birch Society, all of which popped up, only to be knocked down again, in 1965.

Harford County lies in northeastern Maryland at the edge of the expanding Baltimore metropolitan area. It is bounded by Baltimore and Cecil Counties to the west and east, by the Chesapeake Bay to the south, and the Mason-Dixon Line to the north.

The southern part contains most of the 100,000 inhabitants, the three incorporated towns, and the "transportation corridor" of which the local Economic Development Commission is so proud: an ugly strip of heavily developed land through which pass the John F. Kennedy Memorial Highway (Interstate 95), U.S. Route 40, and the rights-of-way of the Pennsylvania and B&O Railroads.

The northern half contains small dairy farms, scattered settlements, and long stretches of lovely rolling countryside dotted with clumps of woods and cut by streams.

Like other such areas, feeling the new strains of suburban life after decades of rural courthouse-ruled quiet, Harford County is astir. New people, many of them city-dwellers with strange names and Baltimore jobs, are moving in with their families, their money and their new ideas. There is a sudden mushrooming need for more schools, better roads, cleaner government, real zoning laws, water and sewage lines, and all the other aids and services demanded by an urban or suburban population.

Slowly, the governments of the county and its three towns have been trying to cope with the problems of growth. New men have been brought in to run new departments. Water and sewer lines are being built. Zoning regulations are — most of the time — being enforced. And last fall the schools, despite the opposition of a few diehards, were finally desegregated.

But progress sometimes comes hard, and before the people of Harford County could begin to feel that they were really moving to meet the problems created by their changing world, they had to struggle with several noisy and unrepresentative groups that made short but determined efforts to gain positions of power from which to direct the county's course.

Like most of rural America, Harford County is conservative but sensible. Until recently it had no Republicans in any local offices, but never failed to back a Republican for the Presidency. And when Alabama's Gov. George Wallace entered the Maryland Presidential primary in May, 1964, against favorite son and LBJ stand-in Sen. Daniel Brewster, he won the county although he narrowly lost the state.

But the vote for Wallace was meaningless, and the electorate clearly knew it; it was nothing more than the chance to go on record as having some

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doubts about Johnson. When the chips were down in November, Goldwater went down to defeat after taking the whole local Republican slate with him.

Oddly, though, it was only after the election that right-wing groups began to appear. In December, 1964, a small advertisement offering information about the John Birch Society appeared in a local paper. A questioning letter was promptly answered with a large brown envelope full of material, from a pamphlet on the Liberty Amendment (to abolish the income tax) to Robert Welch's comments on the election.

A few months later the Citizens Councils made their move "for states' rights and racial integrity." And in the summer, when the weather was warmer, there was a flurry of KKK activity highlighted by Robert Shelton's appearance at a rally in nearby Glasgow, Del.

But none of these movements ever got off the ground, largely because the people of Harford County got a good look at them and decided that they weren't worth the trouble.

In January of 1965, while the election returns still rankled in the hearts of Goldwater conservatives and car bumpers sprouted stickers with slogans like "ONE OF THE 26 MILLION AND PROUD OF IT." the John Birch Society hit the local press. The *Aegis*, a weekly newspaper published here in the county seat, carried a front page story on the Society written by a reporter who had slipped into a membership meeting. The story was an unfriendly one, and it kicked up a storm in the paper's letters-to-the-editor columns that lasted for weeks.

A majority of the letter-writers rapped *The Aegis* for making an under-handed attack on the Birchers — hadn't the meeting been held in the privacy of a member's home? But the editors weathered the storm and printed everyone's letters, and the Society and its members became favorite topics of barbershop conversation.

And that, really, was what killed the Birchers' potential for influencing community affairs. After the story ran in the paper and the letter-writing had run its course, the Society's members were public personalities. When they tried to begin an "action program," it was difficult for Harford County to take them seriously.

For example, under the name of "The United Nations Information Committee," the local chapter of the Society tried to palm off a film on the United Nations' intervention in Katanga. But the audience, except for those redhots who were presumably sold before they started, remained unconvinced. The same thing happened when an organization called "The Americanist Committee" brought an anti-Communist Cuban to Bel Air to speak. Although the man was personable, not overly rabid and a good speaker, the community didn't swallow him because "The Americanist Committee" was apparently composed of the same Birchers who had shown the Katanga film.

The Citizens Council was less well organized than the Birchers, and lasted a correspondingly shorter time. After stuffing mailboxes with Alabama-printed literature about the Negro threat, a schoolbus driver from the northern part of the county announced that he was starting a Harford Citizens Council.

Where a newspaper had carried the ball against the Birch Society, this time the area's ministers stepped in. Strong sermons were preached and position papers written, and when the time came for the much-publicized organizational meeting of the Council, only a handful of people showed up. Scratch two.

The next rightwing episode ended almost before it started. A conservative Baptist preacher in the town of Aberdeen, whose congregation paid for a weekly radio program, began to lash out at the civil rights movement in extremely uncomplimentary terms. But the local NAACP president tipped off the Federal Communications Commission, which in turn suggested to the station that if the minister were

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We Agree With You, Mr. Secretary; How About You?

"I THINK WE MUST recognize that success in the counterinsurgency campaign in South Vietnam depends primarily upon the South Vietnamese themselves. It depends upon their ability to construct a stable government. It depends upon their willingness to fight. It depends upon the competency with which they are led. It depends upon the extent to which their government deserves and receives that loyalty of the people, and the support of the people. All of these conditions are conditions that additional men and equipment from the United States are not likely to advance."

—*Secretary McNamara, February, 1964*

going to lambaste anyone the station should award equal time to the lambastee.

The station, uninterested in prolonging the argument (under the FCC's equal time policies, time given a person who has been attacked must be offered free), dropped the Baptist from the air like a hot potato for several weeks, until he cooled. When he came back on the air his text was religious, rather boring, and less offensive.

By the time the Klans appeared, the county had grown used to strange organizations, and the hoods and fiery crosses caused only a few raised eyebrows. But contributions were not forthcoming, and since the last rally early in November the Klansmen have disappeared along with the rest.

Perhaps last year's pattern of oddball activity in this county is not unusual; it may be that it provided a release for emotions heated up in the 1964 election. Maybe another election will bring the kooks out once again. But if it does the people of Harford are not likely to be easily swayed by anyone's ideology; they have learned to take their nuts with a grain of salt.

No Lawns for the Garbage

By James P. Sterba

EAST LANSING, MICH.

AS ART BUCHWALD once said, every community should have a resident Communist so that townfolk will have someone's lawn to dump their garbage on. But Michigan communities have been suffering a Communist famine. There are, undoubtedly, a few lurking around Detroit and on college campuses, but that's about it according to the most informed sources. Officials at 35,000 student Michigan State University at East Lansing proclaimed three last year. But these are somewhat discountable since they were reported to be "Communist-oriented agitators," and not the hardcore dump-your-garbage-on-their-lawn type.

This general lack of the real thing around Michigan has caused much frustration for local citizens. "Educators," that is authorities on the Communist menace, have had to alter their general descriptions of Reds to include Pinks and even tinted Whites. Thus, nearly everyone to the left of Congressman Gerald Ford has lately been suspect. Since detection of the menace is regarded as a great virtue by many voters, state legislators have been quick to point out even the mildest shades of this Freudian color.

In February, the chief color experts in George "Alice" Romney's Water-Winter-Wonderland got their thrill when Dr. Herbert Aptheker made the scene. Aptheker, a genuine fulltime hardcore Communist who heads the Institute for Marxist Studies in New York, came to frontwoods Michigan for a three-day speaking tour. His recent illegal trip to North Vietnam prompted speech requests from leftist outfits at Wayne State University in

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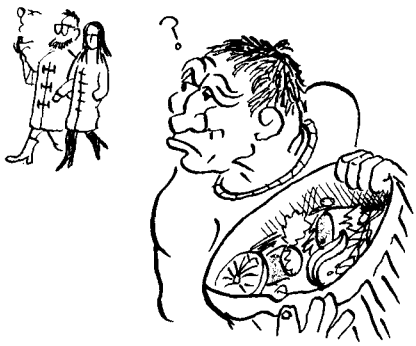
Detroit, the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, and Michigan State. They were all interested in what he found out in North Vietnam. The rightists were glad to find him in Michigan.

BREAKTHROUGH, a vigilante-type Detroit group, mobilized to disrupt Aptheker's talks. The group's chief said to the *Detroit Free Press*:

"Since an outright traitor is speaking, anything can happen."

Well, nothing happened when Aptheker spoke to 750 at U. of M., probably because BREAKTHROUGH didn't know he was there. But things were popping in Detroit, site of his next talk. Word of Aptheker's Michigan visit had made its way to the cloudy State Senate chambers in Lansing. The senators paid special honor to the



Communist by passing, 15 to 14, a resolution barring him and other Communists from speaking at state tax-supported institutions. The presidents of Wayne, U. of M. and MSU, quickly replied, saying that since the resolution wasn't legally enforceable, they weren't going to pay any attention to it. Senate majority leader Raymond D. Dendzel, a Democrat, was furious.

"It's a matter if (sic) you got guts enough to stand up for what's right," he cried on the Senate floor.

The *Detroit Free Press*, one of the few Michigan newspapers that criticizes LBJ's Vietnam policies, and State Attorney General Frank Kelly came to Aptheker's rescue.

Said the *Free Press*:

"Aptheker might have something to say . . . "

Said Kelly:

"I am shocked and disturbed by the Senate resolution urging our state universities and colleges to restrict freedom of speech . . . on the eve of Abraham Lincoln's birthday (etc., etc.) . . . we should not allow our disgust for any ideas to propel us into unconstitutional deeds."

It took about 50 Detroit cops to watch over 500 placard-carrying rightists and hecklers when Aptheker spoke at Wayne. When he finished his 50-minute speech, he was hustled out the rear door and off the campus by armed police "for his own protection."

At Michigan State, that same evening, things were quieter. Only a half dozen hecklers showed up. Aptheker stayed overnight in East Lansing, then traveled back to Detroit for a speech at a church the next morning.

Meanwhile, back on the State Senate floor, Senator Dendzel was not finished.

Dendzel told reporters that Wayne State University president William R. Keast "might have to take the consequences" for allowing Aptheker to speak.

"I don't know what they'll be," he declared, "but he (Keast) knows the feeling of the Senate. It's the people of Michigan whose tax dollars he's playing with."

In the next few days, most of Michigan's newspapers called for an end to Communists on campuses. Gov. Romney said he agreed. Michigan State's president John A. Hannah and the school's Board of Trustees told the legislature to mind its own business.

With all the fuss, not a single newspaper, radio station, or television station took more than four sentences to report what Aptheker said in his talk. And nobody seemed to care about the other Communist (a visiting Moscow University historian) on the Michigan State campus.

Only those on hand at Aptheker's

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talks heard the point of view of "the enemy."

Aptheker said:

Both the North and South Vietnamese people want outside intervention stopped . . they want no Americans, Russians, Chinese, etc. in their country . . . Uncle Ho is the hero because he promised to rid the country of outside intervention . . . the 1954 Geneva agreements were and still are the solution to the problem . . LBJ's "honor" at stake in Vietnam reminded him very much of Hitler's "honor" in Poland . . . if the U.S. escalates the war, Uncle Ho "as much as he hates to" might ask for the 160 million volunteers promised by China . . what's needed is morality, humanity, and basic decency.

He quoted the National Anthem, Abe Lincoln, Walt Whitman, the *New York Times*, and Dr. Spock in presenting his case that the war is wrong. He even found an old *Congressional Record* clip in which then Congressman Lyndon Johnson referred to southeast Asians as "yellow dwarves with pocket knives."

Anyway, since Aptheker didn't stay long enough to acquire a lawn, the only garbage he received was verbal. Two Young Americans for Freedom followed him out of the MSU Union building following his talk.

"Okay, buddy. If you're so damned smart, answer this" scolded one. "Who was the first to invade Vietnam?"

"China, about 3,000 B.C.," he replied. "In modern times, France."

"Anyway, I know what you're thinking, you Communist."

"No you don't."

"I know you're trying to take over this country. Don't worry buddy, I know what you're up to. I know what you're thinking."

"No you don't! You don't have the slightest idea what I'm thinking. I've written 18 books; how many have you read?"

"I haven't read any, and I don't intend to read any rotten Commie books like yours!"

The Capital Hill Repertory Theatre

From a recent Senate debate:

MR. YOUNG of Ohio. Mr. President I rise to a question of personal privilege. A short time ago my attention was called to some remarks made in the other body on Thursday by Representative WAYNE HAYS, of the 18th Ohio District, and ROBERT SWEENEY, Ohio Representative at large, adverting to the Vietnam conflict.

The Representative from the 18th Ohio District stated:

Mr. Chairman, there is one matter that I would like to mention. I would like to sort of apologize to the House of Representatives. There have been a lot of remarks made on the other side of this building which I believe have aided our enemies out there, because I believe they are hoping for us to get tired of this war and quit. I further believe that is the reason they think they are winning.

Yesterday the junior Senator from my State made a personal attack upon the Secretary of State and said that he ought to resign. On behalf of the people of my district, I want to apologize because I supported the junior Senator a year ago last fall.

Then Ohio's one-term Congressman at large added his two bits. He said:

On behalf of the people from the State of Ohio, I would like to join with the gentleman from Ohio. I feel we can be doves and hawks and of various opinions without resorting to such disagreeable tones.

Then he charged the junior Senator from Ohio with making an "intemperate personal attack upon the most distinguished foreign minister this Republic has had in many years," and then he said, "I certainly offer an extreme apology on the part of the people of the Buckeye State."

Emboldened by the support of his colleague, the Representative from

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Ohio's 18th District was so encouraged he said:

In conclusion, I would like to allude to one remark that our junior Senator made. He said he would sleep better at night if somebody else were Secretary of State. Well, if he sleeps at the switch much more than he does now, he will be asleep 24 hours a day.

Mr. President, I propound a parliamentary inquiry: Would it be a violation of the rules of the Senate were I to assert in this Chamber at this time that Representative HAYS, of Ohio, and one-term Representative SWEENEY, of Ohio, are guilty of falsely, viciously, and maliciously making stupid, lying statements assailing the loyalty and patriotism of Senators, including the junior Senator from Ohio, and that they are liars in alleging that we "have aided our enemies?"

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. GRUENING in the chair). In response to the inquiry of the Senator from Ohio, the Chair states that under the precedents it has been held not in order in debate for a Senator to make reference to action by the House of Representatives. Also, it has been held out of order for Senators to make reference to Members of the House or to refer to a Member of the House by name, to criticize the action of the Speaker, to refer in debate to a Member of the House in opprobious terms, or to impute to him unworthy motives.

Mr. YOUNG of Ohio. I, of course, abide by the ruling of the Chair, and I respect it. If, however, on some future occasion a similar contemptible attack is made on me with with the insect-like buzzing of lying allegations by either or both of these publicity seekers, I shall surely embalm and embed them in the liquid amber of my remarks. [Laughter.]

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mr. President, for the sake of clarification and a meticulous interpretation of the rules, I should like to inquire whether calling a Member of another body a liar is an imputation of improper motive.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. GRUENING in the chair.) Under the precedents, that would not be order.

Mr. DIRKSEN. That has nothing to do with motive. You just plain call him a liar; what you regard as a statement of fact.

Mr. YOUNG of Ohio. Evidently that is a fact. [Laughter.]

Watts Is Still Endsville

By Edward P. Morgan

OEO, THE OFFICE OF ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY, Sargent Shriver's war-on-poverty GHQ, has issued its first annual report. It is a handsome, slick-covered, profusely illustrated 96-page document entitled "A Nation Aroused." The crunching fact is the nation has not been aroused enough. It has stirred around the edges, in the manner of a mare quivering her flanks to ward off a horse fly. But it has not been stung to the core and it has not really begun to act. Unfortunately the OEO report does not make this plain. It dwells on accomplishments, and there have been some, and on aspirations, and there have been many—some think in too much profusion to enable an orderly start on the problem. The first guns have been fired, a tiny beachhead has been seized in the war on poverty but it is exposed on all sides, threatened by inefficiency, waste, lack of proper preparation and the abiding hostility of political establishments in cities and states who are trying to take over the campaign and

Mr. Morgan's piece, from the ABC radio broadcast, "Edward P. Morgan and the News," sponsored by the AFL-CIO, was written before the most recent Watts riot.

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water it down before it undermines their own power structure. Paradoxically, these very power structures have got to be drastically remodeled before the social revolution, which the war on poverty is, can hope to succeed. Los Angeles is an example, throbbing with danger signals and opportunity.

Last August a human earthquake erupted in a semi-slum of Los Angeles called Watts. For days young Negroes revolted against the only society they knew, burning, looting, rioting in a ghastly binge of what seemed to be wanton protest. The National Guard was called out and before order, of sorts, was restored, 34 persons perished, most of them Negroes, though, ironically, no deaths had occurred before the Guard appeared. In the midst of the crisis Los Angeles Mayor Samuel Yorty went off to San Diego and San Francisco on "official" business and to make a speech.

Afterwards the experts rushed to the scene. Investigations were conducted and recommendations made which might not have been necessary if officials had not been utterly deaf to the warning sounded more than a year before by State Assistant Attorney General Howard Jewell who submitted a report on May 25, 1964, about "ominous evidence"' of tension between Los Angeles Police Chief William H. Parker and Negro minorities which might lead to violence in the streets. The compounded tragedy today is that even the superficial and inadequate recommendations made by a special state commission headed by John McCone, ex-director of the CIA, have not been implemented. The OEO does have an anti-poverty program going in Los Angeles but thanks to the obduracy of politicians like Yorty, and other problems, it is a one-horse operation where figuratively the power of an atomic reactor is required.

As for the mayor himself, he has been to Vietnam, made enough pronouncements on the conduct of the war to move Governor Pat Brown to observe that Yorty was the only mayor he knew in the land with his own foreign policy. But Yorty has divulged few hints of his policy toward the alien enclave of Watts, where he is considered a virtual foreigner himself.

In short, according to responsible sources as well as evidence apparent to the naked eye, almost nothing has been done to avoid a recurrence of the explosion of Watts. The flat, ugly neighborhood, spreading out south of the city center toward the airport, is at first glance deceptive. It is not the stifling tenement ghetto of Harlem or South Chicago. Grimy feather-duster palm trees droop sadly above the blocks of packing-box-shaped bungalows, here and there is a miserable flowering shrub or even a brave blade of grass. But rubble and the charred skeletons of gutted buildings rise as the new monuments of neglect on the landscape, framed in the inevitable forest of telephone poles and the aerial maze of power lines. The segregation here is not only physical but psychological. The geographical boundaries of this stucco-studded slum of which Watts is only a part are unofficial but rigid. And to the customers of Vercher's Grocery, the patrons of Lee Roy's Tulsa Bar-B-Q, the parishioners of the Rose Hill Missionary Baptist Church, what are the links of identity with the larger society beyond the railroad tracks? Well, there is a sexy blonde exhorting them from a rooftop billboard to "join the Dodge rebellion," white folks inviting them in another poster to buy a refreshing soft drink, and so on.

But Watts is still Endsville for thousands of American citizens. In a devastating critique of the McCone Commission report, the California Advisory Committee to the federal Commission on Civil Rights urged the emergency appointment of a full-time official to coordinate the allocation of federal funds and help implement McCone recommendations, timid as they were. Nothing has been done.

CREDITS

The character sketches are drawn by John Perts, of Suffolk, Va.

Bob and Susie Sanderson, of Bristol, R. I., helped — as usual — with the production of this issue.

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Universal Intelligencer.

A Compendium of Dubious Dispatches from All Over

CLOSE TO WAR

Thirteen-year-old Saves Nation

COMPUTER FAILS

The United States almost went to war with Zambia last Friday due to what was described by defense officials as a "slight malfunction of a computerized policy analysis."

The National Security Council met in an extraordinary post-midnight session to consider the threat to freedom posed by a massive invasion of Rhodesia by Zambia. According to the recommendations printed out by the Pentagon's master computer, it appeared absolutely essential to send one-and-a-half million men to Africa, to destroy the military and industrial potential of Zambia, and to mine and blockade the major seaports of that nation.

"We know it doesn't sound right," a White House spokesman told reporters, "but the best intelligence we have indicates that a preventive strike is necessary."

Senator Fulbright said the projected action was another case of foreign policy based on old myths instead of new realities.

The State Department strongly denied this. "We have no old myths about Zambia," an official said. "We are not even certain where it is."

One of the senators from Louisiana made an impassioned plea on the floor of the Senate calling for support of the President in his moment of crisis: "Our boys proved what they could do at Guadacanal and Normandy and it's pretty unpatriotic not to give them a chance to do it again. We must provide sufficient aid or face another Dean Bean Fu."

One of the Republican leaders in the House said: "My President right or wrong."

The Vice President said, "I don't recall my President ever having been wrong."

LATEST ADVICES

The Communist Party is planning to run candidates for office in New York City. See what William Buckley started?

Harold Stassen is also running for office again. He is one of the few men in history to let failure go to his head.

The Administration agrees with proposals to establish an Assistant Secretary for Population Control but can't decide whether the post should be in the State or Defense Department.

Some Washington sources are suggesting that Lyndon Johnson rehire Bobby Baker. Things seemed to work smoother back in the old days.

Does anybody know where William Miller is?

Secretary McNamara has rejected the proposal of a liberal senator that he carry out his cost cutting program by closing the Danang airbase rather than the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

We recall that Lester Pearson once won the Nobel Peace Prize.

Does anyone know who William Miller is?

Several Democratic senators have requested unlisted numbers after receiving threatening calls. Reliable informants indicate that some of the calls have been traced to the Washington exchange 456-1414.

Our ambassador to Rhodesia predicted that our troops would be out of the trenches by Mother's Day.

The Gallup Poll reported that 72% of the American people supported an attack on the aggressor. Critics, however, pointed out that another survey indicated some confusion as to the identity of the aggressor. Asked the question: Who should the United States bomb?

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the following answers were received:

China	36%
Zambia	23%
Rhodesia	11%
Bethel Baptist Church, Greenville, Miss.	6%
Wayne Morse	5%
Undecided	19%

The scheduled launching of ICBM's toward Zambia was cancelled when it was pointed out in a letter to the President from a 13-year-old girl in Orono, Me., that although the Defense Department plan called for mining and blockading the major seaports of Zambia, that country has no seaports.

"We are reevaluating the situation in the light of this new data," the Pentagon spokesmen said when queried on this point.

The next day the malfunction in the computer was located when a GSA janitor happened upon a scrap of paper on the floor nearby. The scrap was identified as part of the input that resulted in the computer's decision. It read: "Large numbers of Chinese troops have invaded South Vietnam."

The Pentagon explained that the message, a standard test input, had been accidentally given the machine while it was attempting to solve the Rhodesian independence crisis. "It was a honest mistake," the Pentagon official said, "and it proves that despite the fact that we were in error on this occasion, our troops were ready to go into battle in defense of democracy anywhere at any time."

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

Police are still looking for most of the priceless collection of pop art that disappeared while being shipped from Witchita, Kansas, to New York City's Museum of Modern Art. Only three pieces have been recovered so far. One, a steel and chrome sculpture was found by Detroit detectives as it was about to be sold by Harry's Best Buy Used Cars, 1400 W. Dolphin St.

Another piece arrived Thursday at the Complaints Office of the Federal Trade Commission, accompanied by the following letter:

"Dear Sirs: I bought the enclosed box of Rice Crispies at my local supermarket. When I opened it up it was empty. I think it's terrible. Isn't there a law? Sincerely yours."

When informed of the fate of his masterpiece, "Snap, Crackle, Pop Art," painter Arthur Widdle said he was particularly upset by the news that it had been sold at 17c off.

Credit for finding the third work is given the Scranton, Pa., American Legion. They had been saluting it daily, but became suspicious one rainy afternoon when the red stripes ran into the white ones.

Some thirty additional works are still at large. Police are warning citizens east of the Mississippi to beware of all normally harmless objects—especially potatoes, until such time as they locate Crawford Feinberg's "Spud II."

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

Read carefully the following statements:

On Vietnam, Senator Robert Kennedy believes he stands between the President and his more extreme critics.

Senator Morse is an extreme critic of the President.

Senator Fulbright believes he stands between the President and Senator Kennedy.

Senator Morse approves of Senator Kennedy's position.

Senator Fulbright approves of Senator Kennedy's position.

General Gavin stands somewhere between President Johnson and the editor of **Harper's**

Senator Ted Kennedy, according to the **Washington Post,** is "firmly on the side of his brother," Senator Robert Kennedy.

Senator Ted Kennedy, according to the **New York Times,** takes a position "much closer to that of the Administration than to that of his brother, Senator Robert Kennedy."

General Gavin says he does not agree with the President.

The President says General Gavin does agree with him.

Now answer these questions:

Which Senator stands closest to the President on Vietnam?

Does General Gavin stand between him and the President?

Where does **Harper's** stand relative to the **New York Times** and the **Washington Post** on the Ted Kennedy question?

How many of the 7 men listed above are in broadly-based essential agreement with each other?

How many of the 7 men listed above are in broadly-based essential disagreement with each other?

Why did your answers to the last two questions add up to ten?

Without moving either President Johnson or Wayne Morse, and without lifting your pencil from the paper, draw a line connecting all 7 men.

In twenty-five words or less, and without mentioning **escalation, aggression, freedom, democracy, determination, peace, untiring, patriotic, or George Kennan,** outline a viable solution to the Vietnam problem.

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Letter from Lorelei

DEAR SAM,

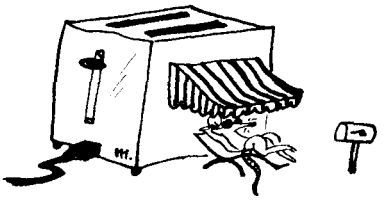
So now you shivering ones are happy with that lousy 70 degree temperature. Me, I absolutely detest it and already have rumblings deep down in my tummy. Thunder will arrive, and I'll tell you an awesome secret. I am scared of nothing except handling an old fashioned Luger and thunderstorms. I could always drop the Luger, but I have to submit to Zeus each and every time and he makes me pregnant with fear. With the very first rumble, which I hear long before anyone else does, I have all the symptoms associated with about a pint of castor oil. I can not read, sew, cook, eat, sit down or even talk to Oliver.

Immediately, I get my trusty oil lamp and light it so as to take no chance of being left in the dark. I disconnect my TV and throw the aerial wire out of the window. I keep only the fluorescent lamp on. I wouldn't go outside . . . well, maybe I would if I knew for sure that a $1000 bill was floating in a rain puddle.

Thunderstorms are sheer hell for me. I don't think I will be sent to Purgatory. I have lived through all of Dante's inferno every summer of my life in this dump. So you all can have that so-called spring. Why, the wasps are already starting to torment me. There are hundreds of them here, and where there is a wasp, she finds me. Worms, spiders, ants crickets, praying mantis, potato bugs . . . everything creeps and flies around here.

I would much rather have a nice big, black snake. I had one for four years. Seven feet long, big as my arm, tame as a kitten. He loved the sound of my voice so much that he sometimes came to the house and curled up by the front door to hear me talk on the phone or to the cats.

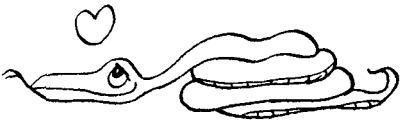
I also had a skunk under the house for several years, a little black one who regularly came out nights, tangled with dogs and then went back to his



hideout and stank up the joint. He got hisself a beautiful wife — three times his size, with white stripes — and they raised a family of five. Every morning she took the gang out for breakfast and brought them back — a beautiful sight — but one of my neighbors killed the lot of them except for one baby. I tried to raise him on cat food and milk. He was most affectionate but once I turned him loose in the garden while I weeded and he left me.

Now I have something thumping under the house. Must be a possum. And twice now, with six cats around, a mouse jumped out of my toaster. Woe is me. The cats have cleaned out the chicken house but they just can't handle a critter so clever that he manages to climb inside a toaster.

I got to turn out the 12 chickens, the rooster and the gander. The rooster I salvaged from a broiler house next door. He is as big as a turkey and has



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stiff knees or something. Always wants to sit down. The gander is a widower who has adopted the hens and takes them out into the fields and watches them as the rooster should but never does. He sometimes gets ideas and chases the hens, but it's a losing battle. So he nudges the rooster and pushes him into showing some activity.

I love Senator Morse, the only one who really has nerve and a little intelligence and can't be hypnotized by the gang of Big Brothers. I love to see the Great squirm in anquish they try to hide. I bet some of them must wear holes in the seats of their pants the way they shift and wiggle.

Well, so long,
Lorelei
Federalsburg, Md.

The McDowell Papers

By Charles McDowell, Jr.

WASHINGTON

WHEN THE UNITED STATES sets out to establish freedom in the jungles and rice paddies of Asia, it does more than send in troops, bombers and Bob Hope.

As has been amply demonstrated, the United States means to send in the essentials of the American way of life.

The impact upon the Asians can only be imagined. Let us look ahead a few years and try to imagine that a South Vietnamese citizen—a member, say, of the Plei Ku Kiwanis Club —is explaining the methods of the Americans to friends from a neighboring country.

"The Americans are marvelous. They will establish freedom for you if you will help and be a little tolerant. Their first step in establishing freedom is to proclaim that it already exists in the country and their mission is to defend it.

"This is only a minor deception, and somehow it makes things simpler for them in fighting Communist revolutionaries and invaders. The war may be justified on their part, anyway, mind you. But the occidental mind works strangely, as you know.

"In the beginning, they send in military and economic aid and many advisers, along with an ambassador from the party out of power in their country. The Americans insist to one another that they will not actually get into the war.

"Then they get into it with helicopters and planes, but they tell one another that they will not allow the war to escalate, which is one of their favorite words. Next they send in troops to guard their bases, then troops to go into the countryside and fight to keep the war from escalating.

"It goes on — more troops, more bombing, more assurances to one another that they will not allow the war to escalate. They fight well and bravely, but they seem to require a certain amount of self-deception to make their policy work.

"While they fight, they seek peace. This is perhaps very wise but certainly very complicated, and skeptics suspect deception. The Americans debate the problem almost constantly, and one of the dominant themes of the debate is the need for more debate. The occidental mind is intriguing.

"Through it all, they continue to supply the essentials of freedom and democracy—aid, consultants, missions, experts, members of their Congress who wish to ride in helicopters and become experts.

"They send teachers, doctors, Bob Hope, engineers, Miss U.S.A., scientists, Mary Martin in "Hello, Dolly!", films of the World Series. They spare nothing.

"Leaders of the nation being assisted to freedom and democracy are summoned to Honolulu to meet the Presi-

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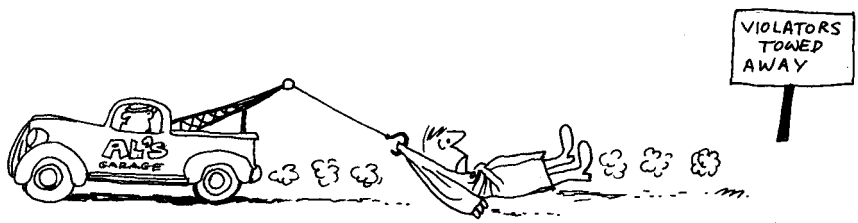
Without a Doubt

I'd like to find out who designs
All those misleading traffic signs,
Announcing as *faits accomplis*
Events that aren't but just may be;
Also, indeed, much worser still,
Events that aren't and never will;
E.g. those signs so very graphic
That warn us of the merging traffic;
But though we search, the road's bereft
Of any merge from right or left.
Consider, too, the hours' loss
If we should wait for deer to cross;
Likewise, the lengthy, dull delay
While pausing for slow kids to play.
Again, how often have I read
About construction that's ahead.
But then find naught as I proceed
Excepting signs marked "Resume Speed."
It would not bother me a whit
If signs were not so definite;
If Highway Depts. would one day lapse
And paint a sign: "Children—Perhaps."
Still there's one promise quite emphatic,
Appearing on large signs dogmatic,
To see fulfilled I'd wait all day;
It's "Violators Towed Away."



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dent and receive something called 'the treatment." They are inspired by America's progress from its Revolution to the New Deal, and told that a large part of it will have to be achieved in Asia forthwith.

"Do not underestimate the Americans. The remarkable Hubert Humphrey accompanies the leaders back to their country to preach the wonders of rural electrification, education, fertilizer and democracy. The Americans can supply this inspiration, the material and the techniques, and they can teach you how to form a PTA while you are still building the school.

"In 1966, at the beginning of the serious effort to lift up the life of the peasants in South Vietnam, one of the first things we received was American television. Television sets were distributed to public gathering places. Planes were sent aloft to transmit the programs.

"We saw programs that showed us how to build a democracy. We saw programs about the war and our own great efforts. We saw Hubert Humphrey exhorting us, and several villages wanted to elect him chief.

"In the evening, as we rested from our labors, we saw the Grand Old Opry from Music City, U.S.A., Nashville, Tenn. We were inspired and we continued to strive, knowing that true democracy and Batman were just ahead of us."

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Driving Us to Death

Ralph Nader

THE FATALITY TOLL on our streets and highways, since the first death by auto in 1899, is almost 1¾ million; millions more have been permanently crippled and tens of millions have been injured. Last year, it is estimated that just under 50,000 people were killed and, too little noticed, over 4 million were injured. Between the ages of 5 and 30, extinction by motor vehicle is the American way of death; for the population as a whole, it is the fourth leading cause of death and the first man-made cause of death. These figures do not include the incalculable harm to individuals from automotive pollution.

Such are the statistics whose long familiarity is received with a conditioned boredom by most of the people who hear them. But they are bleeding statistics, notwithstanding their inability to project the rending torment of the tragedies to which they give numerical expression. The material costs, direct and indirect, of automobile collisions and injuries last year was about $20 billion—a figure about equal to the retail sales of new automobiles in 1965. No other major consumer industry begins to approach this.

Against such a massive and costly assault on the safety of motor vehicle travel, the federal government has remained largely inert. It is instructive to ask and strive to reply to the following questions:

Why does the federal government not have the responsibility of setting safety standards for all highway motor vehicles as it does for all other transport vehicles — air, marine, and rail which all together account for 2 per cent of the injuries and 8 per cent of the fatalities in transportation?

Why has the federal government not spent more than $5 million a year on highway safety research — driver, highway, and vehicle — when it has spent between $40 and $60 million a year on civilian aviation safety research —a form of transport which takes one-fiftieth of the lives and less than one five-hundredth of the injuries that are lost and incurred respectively on highways?

What kind of priorities and human values obtain when Congress can pass the Highway Beautification Act last year authorizing a sum of $320 million to be appropriated over a 2-year period for landscaping, scenic enhancement, control of junkyards and outdoor advertising while the highway mayhem festers in neglect?

How can a national trauma which diverts some $20 billion a year be approached purely from a rational policy of conserving resources and reducing the level of nonvolitional expenditures, with such trivial resources and authority?

FIRST, the gigantic costs of automobile collisions have been integrated into our economy in such a way as not to motivate corrective or preventive action. The costs fall overwhelmingly, not on the producers of motor vehicles or the builders of highways, but on the users of motor vehicles who presently are in no position to require safer design and construction. This situation is quite unlike air, marine, and rail transportation. Mishaps and casualties in these forms of transportation fall not only on the passengers but also on the operators and manufacturers as well. Consequently, there is an economic incentive — the continuing attiveness of such modes of transport to travelers—for operators and manufac-

Ralph Nader is the author of the book, "Unsafe at Any Speed," a highly critical review of the automotive safety situation. Published here are excerpts from his recent testimony before a Senate subcommittee looking into the problem.

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turers to take corrective action. The federal government also requires standards of safety to be met. It is important to note that the government has been more alert in regulating the safety of a mode of transport if the hazards threaten the economic well-being of that system as they would for air, marine, and rail travel.

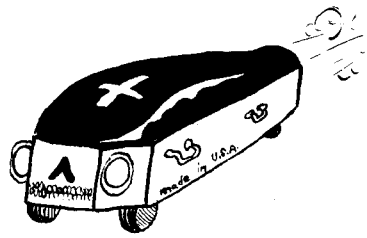
Death and injury by automobile neither threaten the auto industry nor the highway transport system generally. Under present conditions, there is little economic incentive for the auto maker to concern himself seriously with auto casualties and collisions — for the costs and penalties are not upon him. Actually, the more cars depreciate through collisions, the greater the demand for new and used cars. Only when there is a real threat of cost or other adverse feedback, as in the mass litigation over the 1960-63 Chevrolet Corvairs, does a manufacturer take notice and correct as General Motors did for the Corvair rear suspension system after those 4 tragic model years.

Neither do automobile collisions and injuries threaten the economy generally—at least there is no felt threat to the economy as there would be if, for example, a pest attack destroyed most of the cotton crop. For the costs of the highway epidemic are essentially economic demands feeding a vast highway accident service industry composed of medical, hospital, police, legal, insurance repair and administrative services. To put it squarely, death on the highway produces incomes and profits for hundreds of thousands of people and companies. It is a multibillion-dollar industry whose dynamics are hardly about to be in the direction of self-liquidation. In America, life is cheapest on the highway. In macabre fact, as people lie dying and bleeding, they are contributing to the gross national product.

SECOND, the federal role has been held to the barest minimum through the efforts of the automobile industry whose over-riding objective is to preserve complete control over the design of automobiles and the manner in which they are merchandised. The continuance of private control over auto design is considered important by these companies as they continually narrow the quality of competition between themselves — a phenomenon well known to economists who study the behavior of highly concentrated or oligopolistic industries. However innovative the auto companies have been in cutting the costs of production their end product—the automobile — has been obsolete, particularly in terms of safety, for over 30 years.

The competition between the auto companies centers around exaggerated touting of trivial differences garnished by throbbing adjectives and beckoning young women, large promotional expenditures, the size and strength of dealer systems and price adjustments at the dealer level. When it comes to the product itself the automakers are competing more and more about less and less. "Protective imitation" by Ford, Chrysler, and American Motors becomes ever more insistent as the dominant product and price leader—General Motors with over half the market—reflects the limits of permissible variation. Notice, for example, the uniformity of the useless, recessed bumper design which exposes fenders, lights, etc., to damage and costly repair in slight contacts with other vehicles or structures.

Cars are being built which, standing still, can kill adult and child pedestrians who fall or are inadvertently pushed into their sharp points and edges. And passengers can die in collisions at speed as low as 5 m.p.h. Is



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it any wonder that, at present rates, at least 1 out of every 2 living Americans will either be killed or injured (disabled beyond the day of injury) in an automobile collision? For those with a full life span of 70 years ahead of them, the probabilities are considerably higher. Yet the orgy of expenditure for style which is charged to the consumer every year as entirely standard equipment continues unabated. A style change for the rear end of a Mustang, for example, will cost the manufacturer close to $50 million.

The annual model change ritual is not meaningful innovation for the public safety and welfare; its purpose is to "stir the animal" in the car buyer. It is aimed not at the reason of men but at their ids and hypogastria. Can there be anything less than a fundamental contempt for the consumer in the following advertisements:

A closeup picture of the front of the Buick Skylark over the title "Son of a gun." The copy asks the reader: "Ever prodded a throttle with 445 pound-feet of torque coiled tightly at the end of it? Do that with one of these and you can start billing yourself as the human cannonball."

A 1966 Buick Riviera ad tries this sensual effect: "If there are two things the romantic Italians love, one of them is automobiles. Dashing, dramatic automobiles. Now, some people think Italy has a monopoly on the red-blooded cars that make hearts beat faster and the adrenalin flow. But those people have another think coming. The tuned car is here. Con Brio."

Other ads urge the potential driver to "drive it like you hate it," or, after spelling out the 400-plus horsepower, advising that "it's cheaper than psychiatry."

While the recent spate of Ford safety ads, in response to a growing public outrage over unsafe design, urge the reader to "cultivate a safety state of mind * * * thinking safety" (and GM is doing the same), Ford continues to name its cars with such aggressive and ferocious titles as Comet, Meteor, Thunderbird, Cobra, Mustang (Mustang means "a wild unbreakable horse") and Marauder. There are also the Plymouth Fury and Barracuda, the Oldsmobile Cutlass and the Buick Wildcat—to name a few. And coming soon to join the menageries on the highways are the Mercury Cougar and the Chevrolet Panther.

A genuine democracy has to provide for the participation of the public in decisions relating to technology whose use is so fraught with tragedy to millions of people. There is an old Roman adage which says: "Whatever touches all should be decided by all." The automobile touches us all in the most ultimate ways. The safety the motorist gets when he buys his car should not be determined solely by manufacturers — especially a tightly

knit few — whose interests are necessarily one of profit-parochialism. A democratic polity should not permit an industry to decide unilaterally how many years it wishes to hold back the installation of superior braking systems, safer tires and fuel tanks that do not rupture and incinerate passengers in otherwise survivable accidents, suppress safer instrument panels and steering assemblies and seat structures and frame strengths, or to engage in a stylistic orgy of vehicle-induced glare, chrome eyebrow bumpers and pedestrian impalers—to take only a few examples of many. Instead the amount of safety should be determined by a fuller dialog and clash of values of the entire democratic community. This is hardly a new idea. Our country has applied such a philosophy long ago to

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other areas of safety—safety codes for buildings and factories, food and drug regulations, safety standards for aircraft, ships, and trains, safety examinations for professional skills. However inadequate such rules and their administration are, they do represent progress when contrasted with the alternatives.

(First of two installments)

The Idler's Journal

When the red one comes

I AM BOTHERED BY the Southern Railway's callous attitude towards cabooses. The line was recently struck by trainmen in a dispute over whether they should ride in the caboose or in the locomotive.

Lawson G. Tolleson, assistant vice president in charge of labor relations for Southern, was quoted in the press as claiming that the strike was illegal, and that the trainmen on his line no longer had any use for cabooses and that they should ride in the engine cabs where "their work is."

I wonder whether this is the opening blow in a vast conspiracy against cabooses. It has that smell to it and if it be true, the train riding and train watching public had better prepare itself for a hard struggle.

A freight train without a caboose is like a dinner without dessert, a symphony without a coda, or a year without December. There are certain things that require a clearly defined end. They can not just trail off like a wisp of diesel smoke. A freight train is one of these things.

Mr. Tolleson seems to suffer from aesthetic deficiency, a chronic form of malnutrition among assistant vice presidents. Perhaps *he* has no use for cabooses, but his company's trainmen, fortunately, do and are willing to go out on strike to prove it.

If the Southern trainmen had wished to ride in the locomotive they would have become engineers. They made a definite choice as to which end of the train they wanted to ride and the Southern should not try to push them up front.

I sympathize with the trainmen for I believe that I too would prefer to sit comfortably in a caboose, drinking black coffee and watching the parallel lines of the Southern's rails meet in infinity behind me, rather than be perched in the business-like, machine-studded cab of a locomotive.

There may be some merit to Mr. Tolleson's argument from a business point of view. But he should realize that the Southern risks not only alienating trainmen by its insistence on efficiency; it must also be prepared to take on thousands of young boys and their regressed fathers who have come to count upon the caboose as the final delight in watching a 130-car freight train go by. They would not be pleased by a finis written with a flat-car, piggy-back, box car, or even a bright red hopper. Only a caboose will do.

As the Amish so nicely put it: "When the little red one comes, the train's all ain't?" And I, like the Southern trainmen, thousands of young boys, and their regressed fathers, would like it no other way.

(s.s.)

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ART'S GALLERY

by Art Finley

Gee, Bob, you really know how to hurt a person

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Flotsam & Jetsam

☞A FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS Commission field office in Kansas City received a complaint that there was continuous interference on a certain Citizens' Band frequency from 4:30 p.m. to 7 a.m. With their monitoring equipment, the FCC men tracked down the offending transmitter. They found it about two blocks from the complaintant's home in a clump of evergreen trees in a graveyard — a transmitter in a plastic box suspended from a tree branch by a 30-inch antenna. A miniature photo cell inside the transmitter turned the device on at dusk and off at daybreak. The FCC reports that ownership remains unknown, but the complaintant suspects a group of unfriendly CB operators because two days after the interference started he found in his front yard a cardboard cylinder with a simulated antenna displaying a note printed: "THIS IS NOT IT, STUPID."

☞ANOTHER FCC BROADCAST action that interested us was this communication from the agency to station WIST, Charlotte, N. C.:

"The Commission has received your letter in response to the Commission's inquiry into the circumstances underlying complaints concerning 'amoeba' announcements broadcast by Station WIST on August 4, 1965.

"The complaints alleged that WIST broadcast announcements that 'an amoeba was loose' in the Charlotte area, which alarmed many persons, caused a substantial disturbance and resulted in the tie-up of police department telephone lines for several hours. . . . . .

"We can find no justification for what appears to have been an irresponsible use of a broadcast facility in an effort to attract public attention."

We think the FCC may have been unduly harsh. It has often struck us that there *are* amoebas loose all over the place in broadcasting. Mostly in the program departments, where they plan shows designed to appeal to paramecia.

☞IN COLUMBUS, GA., at least until recently, there was a sign on a postage stamp machine that exemplifies the troubles that can occur when government agencies try to coordinate their actions. The sign read:

"Do not use the new quarters in this machine. They will not work."

☞ONE OF OUR agricultural correspondents sent us a note about Lindertis Evulse, a $176,000 Angus bull that was lacking in the virility department. An operation was performed on Lindertis last July and was labeled at the time a complete success.

Later evidence indicated that wasn't so. According to Dr. Donald Walker of Auburn University, "We've lost the sperm cells that we've had. . . . Things look pretty black. We may have to operate again."

And that's the last we've heard of Lindertis from our correspondent. We frankly can't tell you whether he's finally out contenting cows or whether we had him for dinner last night.

☞IN THE JANUARY issue of *Foreign Affairs*, World Bank President George Woods warns that "the amount of finance moving from the developed to the underdeveloped world is not rising; the present trend is for the growth of the low-income countres slowly to lose momentum."

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In his article, Woods suggests that by the end of the century the per capita income of Americans will increase by about $1500 while that of the poor countries will grow only $50. He notes that World Bank studies indicate the developing countries could put to constructive use, over the next five years, some $3 to $4 billion more per year than is currently being made available to them.

The Administration and Congress should mark well Woods's words. We can continue to delude ourselves that we are making an adequate contribution to the underdeveloped world, but if we do, we shall merely be buying a long-term investment in famine, misery, chaos, and international instability.

☞MARY BROOKS, who's assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee, claims that a recent test mailing indicates the Post Office does not deliver mail with a GOP return address as promptly as it might. Mrs. Brooks originally got upset because it took more than 11 days for a bunch of third-class letters to get from Washington to Iowa.

Mrs. Brooks is off base. We firmly believe her attack on the Post Office is totally unjustified. It is our experience that the Post Office is inefficient and unreliable without respect to race, creed or political affiliation.

By the way, Mrs. Brooks, did you see the latest from the Post Office? Larry O'Brien plans to ask for a single

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The Pedernales Prognosticator

"I TOLD THE PRESIDENT [last August] that I was preparing, on that very afternoon, to offer an amendment to the military pay bill which was about to come before the Congress to provide precisely that the Congress should approve or disapprove the question of whether draftees should be sent into combat in southeast Asia involuntarily.

"The President very emphatically urged me not to do it, pleaded with me not to do it; and when I argued that it was important and that I felt it was desirable that the Congress be on record, he said to me, 'If we are not out of there by January, you can do anything you please.'"

—*Senator Ernest Gruening*

class of priority mail that would combine first class and air mail. The priority letter would cost six cents and, according to one news dispatch, "would be delivered overnight almost anywhere in the country."

Think of that! At present air mail can take days wending its way from city to city. Now they're going to knock two cents off the price and get it there overnight. Why not charge 4c and get same day delivery?

☞THE ADA WORLD MAGAZINE, published monthly by Americans for Democratic Action, has come out with a useful and important issue on Vietnam. It contains excerpts from some of the most important current documents on the subject: testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee by Dean Rusk, George Kennan, James Gavin, and Maxwell Taylor; the Mansfield Report; President Johnson's Feb. 23 speech; Senator Robert Kennedy's proposal; comments of various Senators; Hanoi's four points and the United States' 14 points. We were particularly struck by Hans Morgenthau's introduction in which he writes:

"If we are serious about our goal of keeping South Vietnam from communism we must do what thus far we have recoiled from doing: to destroy the Vietcong in the South, which can only be something approaching genocide, and to destroy the warmaking power of the North, which will bring us face to face with either China or the Soviet Union or both.

"Our Vietnam policy thus suffers from a built-in debility: the means we have chosen are inadequate for the achievement of the goal we have set ourselves. The choice before us, then, ought to be clear; we must bring policies and goal into harmony by either expanding our policies to match the goal, with all the moral, political and military liabilities this must entail, or else we must cut our goal to the size of the policies we are willing to pursue. It is the measure of the dilettantism which dominates our Vietnam policy that we have been unwilling to do either.

"Yet the choice cannot forever be avoided."

We strongly recommend this issue to our readers. Single copies may be purchased by sending 50c to ADA, 1223 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. There are discounts for multiple copies.

☞The opening prayer in the Senate the other day ended with these words of King David:

"When one rules justly over men, ruling in the fear of God, He dawns on them like the morning light, like the sun shining forth upon a cloudless morning, like rain that makes grass to sprout from the earth. Amen."

The first order of business that day was:

Report on Weather Modification—Message from the President

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☞SHERWOOD ROSS, who works for the Urban League, has recently completed a nationwide survey that indicates that Negroes moving into white, inner-city neighborhoods raise housing prices. Using statistics from the 1950 and 1960 Census for 47 large cities, Ross found that housing prices for predominantly white neighborhoods increased about 35 percent during the 1950-1960 period, prices in predominantly Negro neighborhoods increased 61 per cent, and prices in neighborhoods that loss ten per cent or more of their white population increased 42 per cent.

☞WE'VE HEARD A lot about the decline of religion in the United States but we never really believed it until we saw the following ad in a local paper: "For Sale or Lease Option. Large downtown church Alexandria, Va. . . . Price $189,000.00. Offers considered . . . Financing flexible."

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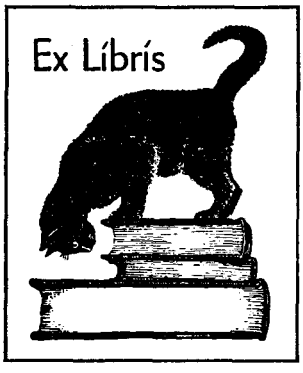

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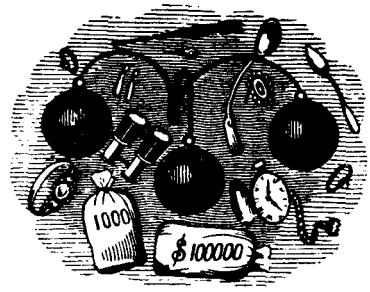

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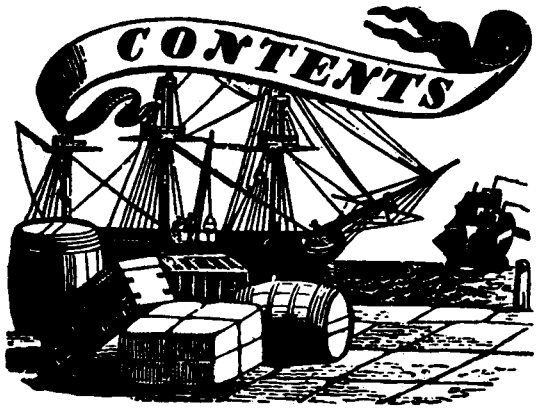

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